HYMNALS. [English.]

SELECT HYMNS;

FOR THE USE OF

THE LORD's NEW CHURCH,

SIGNIFIED BY THE

NEW JERUSALEM

IN THE

REVELATION.

They sung as it were a new Song before the Throne.

REV. XIV. 3.

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☞ *Where there is a striking contrast of sentiments or affections in any of the following Hymns, it is proposed there should be introduced a suitable change in the appropriated air or tune, marking the poetic antithesis with adequate pathos and energy of music.*

To prevent the impropriety of a contrary practice, some of the Hymns are so constructed as not to admit a uniform tune throughout. The Ninth, *in particular, has a redundancy of metre in the second line. The* Thirty-ninth *varies considerably in the last verse. The* Fifty-fifth *changes rhyme after the second stanza.—And, though there is no alteration of poetry in the* Hundred *and* Twenty-third, *it will be seen highly proper to vary its music a little at the commencement of the second verse, and more fully in the last.*

SELECT HYMNS.

I.

Advent.

1 TO welcome Jesus, God of love,
Let earth and heav'n in rapture rise;
Your tongues in praise, ye christians move,
Ye angels sing above the skies:
Be Jesu's dear-lov'd name with pleasure sung,
By earth and heav'n, by all of ev'ry tongue.

2 He comes again to bless our race,
Reveal the glories of his word,
To teach the wonders of his grace,
And reign the only God and Lord.
Sinners prepare your hearts, give Jesus room,
Your God is love, to bless you is he come.

3 Redeem'd by mercy, come and bring
Your grateful tribute to your God;
Exalt the goodness of your King,
And spread his nameless love abroad.
Love shall attune our hearts and tongues to raise
An everlasting song to Jesu's praise.

II.

1 THE morning dawns, celestial light
Dispels the gloomy shades of night;
Truth rears her standard once again,
And love, celestial love, shall reign.

2 The heavenly sun, the Lord our God,
Beams his refulgent rays abroad:
He comes to bless the humble soul,
And spread his truth from pole to pole.

3 Now nations barb'rous, rude, and blind,
In Jesus shall salvation find:
Idols before his name shall fall,
And Christ our God, be Lord of all.

4 Thus ev'ry land and clime shall hear
The Lord is God, his name revere;
From sin, and death, and darkness rise,
And join the concert of the skies.

BRITISH MUSEUM

III.

1 COME, thou beloved faithful Lord,
Fulfil thy soul-reviving word;
Desire of all the nations come,
And make thy church thy lasting home.

2 Thro' heav'n thy glory is display'd
In one bright day without a shade:
Angels from thee supremely prove
The nameless, endless joys of love.

3 With thee they dwell in fervid light,
Nor feel nor fear the shades of night;
Thy heav'nly beams will never fail,
But one eternal day prevail.

4 Be darkness known on earth no more,
But truth display'd from shore to shore;
Till men of ev'ry land shall see
Thy glory, Lord, and worship thee.

5 'Tis done—the Son of Man appears,
The shades withdraw, the morning clears;
Now love and truth prevail again,
And one eternal day shall reign.

IV.

1 HE comes! Jehovah comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To shew his truth and righteousness,
And spread his pow'r abroad.

2 Boldly we'll own our sov'reign Lord,
His second advent own;
Declare the wonders of his word,
And make his glories known.

3 Jesus is come, behold him reign!
Unmov'd by fear or shame,
Announce we Jesus come again,
And glory in his name.

4 Jerusalem, lift up thy voice,
In songs of honour sing;
In thy own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King.

V.

1 LET sinners tremble, Jesus reigns,
And holy is his word;
Be humbled ye whose sin remains,
And fear the mighty Lord.

2 He comes to judge in righteousness,
We hail thy coming, Lord;
Thy faithful servants thou wilt bless,
And be thy name ador'd.

3 Justice and power to God belong,
To him be worship paid;
He aids the weak, and makes them strong,
Whene'er their foes invade.

4 He is our Judge, and yet how kind!
If mercy we implore;
Instead of stripes—the Lord, we find,
Cries "Go and sin no more."

VI.

1 THINK, O my soul, the solemn day
Is sure, and soon will come;
When I must quit this house of clay,
And hear my final doom.

2 Before the wise all-knowing God
I quickly must be brought;
Who knows my ev'ry way and word,
My ev'ry secret thought.

3 His nature is all holiness,
Almighty is his pow'r;
How shall I stand before his face,
In that most solemn hour?

4 If all my heart be vile within,
Unholy and impure,
In love of self, the world, and sin,
Can I that day endure?

5 But if my heart and life be new,
Made holy thro' the word;
With pleasing rapture I shall view
My holy Judge and Lord.

VII.

1 LO! he comes, in clouds descending,
Ev'ry eye shall see him plain,
Whilst ten thousand saints attending,
Fill the glory of his train;
Hallelujah, Christ in spirit comes to reign.

2 Behold the bright and morning Star,
Blazing with eternal flame,
Hark! the seraphic songs from far,
Chant the great Redeemer's name;
Hallelujah, echoes thro' the vaulted frame.

3 See the glorious God descending,
See the angels in array,
Hark! the awful trumpet sounding,
Come to judgment, come away;
Hallelujah, come to judgment, come away.

4 'Tis done!—the awful process ended,
Nature's clouds are swept away;
The King of glory, now descended,
Opens an eternal day;
Hallelujah, hail, all hail, eternal day!

VIII.

Nativity.

Air. LIGHT of life, the Father's glory,
Promis'd Day-spring from on high;
Deign to visit waiting mortals
From thy state above the sky.

Cho. God incarnate, veil thy splendor,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
Make in flesh thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

Air. Shepherds, did you learn his coming,
Whilst you kept your flocks by night;
Did you see his star in heaven,
Blaze with new-created light?

Cho. Haste, ye *Magi*, come and worship,
See the orient star before;
Bring your presents, gold and spices,
Blest *Arabia's* balmy store.

Air. All ye joyous host of heaven,
Loudly speak the Saviour's praise;
Saints and angels in full chorus,
Your seraphic voices raise.

Cho. Come, O come, your hallelujahs,
In wide echoing songs proclaim;
Heav'n and earth with joy resounding,
Praise the blest Redeemer's name.

IX.

1 RAPT into future times, the Prophet sung:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a Branch, a Rod—
Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God,
Th' everlasting Father, the Prince of peace,
His name—his government shall still increase.

2 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe! be born.
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert chears;
Prepare the way! the God, the God appears!
The God, the God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

3 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks; ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by Prophets long foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!

PAUSE.

Now crimes shall cease, and Error's empire fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the earth her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
No sigh, repeated, the wide world shall hear,
Since Jesus stoops—to wipe each contrite tear.

4 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;

Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future age.

5 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Receiving life, preparing for the skies!

X.

1 DOWN from the worlds of radiant light
Behold the Saviour come,
To ransom souls from endless night,
And bring the wand'rers home.

2 He calls us to his dear embrace,
From mis'ry and despair;
Bids us receive his wondrous grace,
And seek salvation there.

3 We come, Emmanuel, at thy call,
Believe thy glad'ning word;
Renounce our sins, ourselves, our all,
And glory in our Lord.

4 Immortal praise to God belongs,
For such unfathom'd love;
Join all below in rapt'rous songs,
And shout ye hosts above.

XI.

1 HE's come! he's come! Emanuel's born,
The rays of Godhead gild the morn;
Behold the Lamb, his name extol,
Divinely welcome to the soul.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful soul.

2 The angels' golden harps are strung,
Mercy, good-will, and peace are sung;
Saints, join the chorus, bear your part,
And welcome Christ to every heart.
Welcome, &c.
Welcome Christ to every heart.

3 Emanuel, Jesus, dearest name,
May heav'n and earth thy praise proclaim;
Mercy and peace we thankful prove,
And welcome thee the God of love.
Welcome, &c.
Welcome Jesus, God of love.

XII.

1 "MInstrels of heav'n (the God proclaims)
Ye saints and angels join;
Dominions, thrones of different names,
Prepare for songs divine:
Thro' all the joyful realms above,
Let loftiest music sound;
Attune your harps to strains of love,
Nor one be silent found.

2 "Let echoing hallelujahs roll
From world to world along;
Till vast creation's boundless whole
Shall hear, and join the song:
Ye distant orbs, thro' endless space,
With rapture rise and sing;
And universal nature praise
My Son, your new-born King."

3 Jehovah spake! all nature heard
The God's supreme behest;
On all creation joy appear'd,
And ev'ry world was bless'd:

When lo! in heav'n the song began,
All nature caught the lays;
From world to world the music ran,
And boundless was the praise.

XIII.

1 HARK! the skies with music sound!
Heav'nly glory beams around;
Christ is born! the angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Peace is come, good-will appears,
Sinners, wipe away your tears;
Christ for you in flesh to-day
Humbly in the manger lay.

3 Shepherds tending flocks by night,
Heard the song, and saw the light;
Took their reeds, and softest strains
Echo'd thro' the happy plains.

4 Mortals, hail the glorious King!
Richest incense cheerful bring;
Praise and love Emmanuel's name,
And his boundless grace proclaim.

XIV.

1 ARISE and hail the sacred day,
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thoughts of meaner thing;
This day to cure thy deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.
Chorus—O then let heav'n and earth rejoice,
Creation's whole united voice,
And hymn the happy day.

2 If angels on that happy morn,
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth seraphic songs;
Much more should we of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom the grace belongs.
Chorus—O then let heav'n, &c.

3 But whilst we praise such boundless grace,
And pious mirth and joy take place,
For peace restor'd again;
Give glory to our God on high,
And not, amidst the general joy,
Forget good-will to men.
Chorus—O then let heaven, &c.

XV.

1 'TIS time, my soul, and more than time,
To turn from sin away:
Come bid to ev'ry darling crime
A long adieu to-day.

2 The dear Redeemer, new-born Lamb,
Thy griefs and sorrows bore;
This was the cause that Jesus came,
That I should sin no more.

3 Angels reveal'd the love divine,
The rich, the boundless store;
And they proclaim'd the Saviour mine,
That I should sin no more.

4 Thou holy Saviour, dearest name,
We love, rejoice, adore;
And while thy honours we proclaim,
Would go and sin no more.

XVI.

New Year.

1 FATHER of mercies! God of Love!
Whose kind compassion still we prove—
Our praise accept, and bless us here,
As brought to this—another year.

2 We sing thy goodness all divine,
Whose radiant beams around us shine:
'Tis through thy goodness we appear
Spared to this—another year.

3 Our souls, our all, we here resign;
Make us, and keep us, ever thine:
And grant, that in thy love and fear
We may begin—another year.

4 Be this our sweet experience still,
To know and do thy holy will;
Then shall our souls with joy sincere
Bless thee for this—another year.

5 Still, Lord thro' life thy love display,
And then in death's approaching day
We'll joyful part with all that's here,
Nor wish on earth—another year.

XVII.

Creation.

1 WHEN I survey this world,
With all its beauteous frame;
Its great Creator I adore,
And celebrate his name.

2 The boundless whole displays
The wonders of the Lord;
All nature echoes with his praise,
And be his name ador'd.

3 The sun in ev'ry beam
Proclaims the God above:
Its ardent rays exhibit him,
Who rules the worlds in love.

4 The lofty stars by night,
The moon with paler glow,
In ev'ry twinkling ray of light,
Their Maker's honour shew.

5 The universal whole
Proclaims Jehovah's praise;
And O that ev'ry living soul
Would songs of honour raise!

6 The worlds were made in love,
By wisdom all divine;
And while in praise my tongue can move,
That praise, O Lord, be thine!

XVIII.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball:
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found:

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
THE HAND THAT MADE US IS DIVINE.

XIX.

1 THY wisdom, pow'r and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
And, Oh! let man thy praise record,
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

2 From thee the breath of life he drew,
That breath thy pow'r maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

3 Yet nobler favours claim our praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely bless'd.

4 There heav'nly glory round us shines,
Each page proclaims His praise,
Who to the works of nature joins,
His miracles of grace.

5 Uniting both we'd faithful stand,
In all that's good improve;
And yield his mercies their demand,
Supreme returns of love.

XX.

Providence.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.

3 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And brought me up to man.

4 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

XXI.

1 SEE, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Whose *Spirit* breathes in nature, angel, man.

2 *That*, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

3 *That* quick'ns our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To *him* no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

XXII.

1 THRO' all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistak'n ill or good,
Thy hand, O Lord, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heaven
On thy blest providence depend;
They all for greatest good were giv'n
And all shall in thy glory end.

4 This be my care, to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be—
Passion be calm; and dumb be pride;
And fix'd, O Lord, my soul on thee.

XXIII.

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
And ev'ry good will grant;
The heav'ns and all therein are his,
And I shall never want.

2 In pastures green and fair,
He makes my spirit rest;
Preserves me safe from ev'ry snare,
And I'm divinely bless'd.

3 With ev'ry truth and good
He doth my spirit fill;
I eat the soul-supporting food,
And drink the limpid rill.

4 These living waters flow,
Where'er my shepherd leads;
The fruitful pastures richly grow,
And there my soul he feeds.

5 I'll bless his holy name,
And tell how kind and good;
My shepherd's tender care proclaim,
And praise my loving God.

XXIV.

1 THough troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost,
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost:
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing the way; but faith makes us bold!
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

5 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We dying are certain, The Lord will provide.

XXV.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our saviour and our king,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will receive his saints
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
To joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our redeeming God,
Wisdom and pow'r belong;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song!

XXVI.

Redemption.

1 THO' God our Saviour took our form,
Our feeble dying clay;
He by his mighty pow'r divine
The earthly put away.

2 Behold! the human sinks and dies,
And lo, he dies for you!
But see from death the Conq'ror rise,
For your salvation too;

3 In glory, honour, all divine,
His blessed body see;
What rays unutterable shine,
From his humanity!

4 A process this, none but the Lord
Can fully comprehend;
But we believe, as in thy word
That sacred truth is penn'd.

5 Thou art the only Deity,
Thy nature all divine;
In thy divine humanity,
The angels' God, and mine.

XXVII.

1 BRethren, behold your God, how kind!
How condescending too!
All love and tenderness his mind,
He came and died for you.

2 When in the form of man below
Example did he give,
Of humble walk to friend or foe;
He taught us how to live.

3 Then let us imitate our Lord,
Be humble, patient, mild;
In all our thoughts, in all our words,
As humble as a child.

4 The humble soul shall surely rise,
The lowly honour prove;
Tho' all the world the meek despise,
He has a crown above.

XXVIII.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
And with a cheerful voice,
In God, the source of all thy joys,
Thy Saviour God, rejoice.

2 His robes were stain'd in blood,
When he subdu'd his foes;
And 'twas for us the mighty God
To conquer hell arose.

3 By his almighty pow'r,
Against the hells he fought;
And in the great and awful hour,
Our full redemption wrought.

4 His wond'rous mercy sing,
Ye servants of the Lord;
To him your thankful praises bring,
His nameless love record.

5 He owns us for his sheep,
He breaks the tyrant's rod;
His flock he will in safety keep,
Our Saviour is our God.

XXIX.

1 WHEN Jesus shed compassion's tear
O'er Israel's fallen race,
"I will (said he) again appear,
"And with superior grace."

2 'Tis done—the mighty God appears,
How glorify'd is he!
He comes to dry his Zion's tears,
And set the captives free.

3 Now blessing, honour, glory, praise,
By angel hosts are sung;
All ye below, your voices raise,
And join the heav'nly throng.

4 Ador'd be he, who comes to bless
The nations with his love;
To shew his truth and righteousness,
And draw our souls above.

XXX.

1 JEHOVAH lives, and be his name
By ev'ry heart ador'd;
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord.

2 He is our rock when troubles rise,
And storms and tempests lour;
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his pow'r.

3 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
We give Jehovah praise;
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
To our deliv'rer raise.

4 Great is the mercy we have found,
And great shall be our praise;
We'll spread his pow'r and mercy round,
And songs of honour raise.

XXXI.

1 SEE from the tomb the Saviour rise,
He mounts above the lofty skies;
The everlasting doors extend,
The heav'ns with acclamations rend.

2 Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
Ye everlasting doors give way,
The King of Zion comes to-day.

3 "Who is the King of glory? tell!"
The mighty Lord, who conquer'd hell;
Strong is his arm, divine his might,
'Tis he who put your foes to flight.

4 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
"Who is the King of glory, say,
"That comes in grandeur on the way?"

5 The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
Who rules his foes with iron rod,
'Tis he who your salvation brings,
Jesus the Lord, the King of kings.

XXXII.

1 BEHOLD our condescending Lord,
Now cheers us with his holy word:
"Where I am gone, ye know the way,
"I dwell in everlasting day."

2 Yes, Lord, we know thou'rt on the throne,
To union with the Father gone:
As he in thee doth ever rest,
Be thou in us, and we are blest.

3 This is the way for us to rise,
When mortal nature sinks and dies;
As thou in human form divine,
So we in *spirit* then shall shine.

4 A body *this* than flesh more pure,
Which endless ages shall endure;
Of heav'nly elements 'tis form'd,
With grace angelic rich adorn'd.

5 O joyful, happy changing hour,
When we shall rise with strength and pow'r!
In this *substantial* body rise,
And live with angels in the skies!

XXXIII.

1 JESU's mercy let us sing,
He is our eternal King;
With our tongues will we make known,
Mercy is from him alone.

2 Now the human is divine.
See what nameless glories shine
From the body of our Lord!
Be his holy name ador'd.

3 Truth and faithfulness are giv'n
From the Lord, the God of heav'n;
Mercy ever shall endure,
Jesu's truth and love are sure.

4 In his name will we rejoice,
All the day lift up our voice;
Glory in the Lord alone,
For no other God we own.

XXXIV.

1 THE joyful happy day appears,
Jehovah dries his Zion's tears;
He comes to bless the humble race,
And shew the wonders of his grace.

2 Behold, our God, the mighty God,
Who spread the num'rous worlds abroad,
Is our Redeemer; we rejoice,
And praise his name with cheerful voice.

3 We'll trust in him, nor be afraid,
Jehovah is our fortress made;
He is our aid, his arm is strong,
And we'll exalt him in our song.

4 Wells of salvation open stand,
And living waters bless the land;
Now, while we draw the truths divine,
Our grateful praises, Lord, be thine.

XXXV.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, adore his name,
Declare his love, his truth proclaim;
Be it to ev'ry nation known,
Jesus is God, and God alone.

2 Thy honour and thy name we sing,
To thee, great God, our tribute bring;
The wond'rous works which thou hast done,
Shall soon be known from sun to sun.

3 Now for a shout of sacred joy,
Zion, thy heart and voice employ;
Great is the Lord he dwells in thee,
And great Jehovah's praise must be.

4 Hosanna to thy name, O Lord,
Thy love and goodness we record;
We join the angel hosts above,
And praise Jehovah, God of love.

XXXVI.

1 WOuldst thou, my soul, to heav'n arise,
And live with angels there?
Then all of sin and self despise,
And for that world prepare.

2 Wouldst thou be happy? first be pure,
This only is the way;
Only that man can heav'n insure,
Who doth his God obey.

3 The Lord, to conquer all thy foes,
To set the captive free,
O'er death and hell victorious rose,
And this he did for thee.

4 Now love his name, in him believe,
Thyself and sin forsake;
Obey his laws, his truth receive,
And his example take.

5 Lord, I confess this is the way,
No other will I own;
I'll love thy name, thy laws obey,
And trust thee for my throne.

XXXVII.

1 ARISE, rejoice, ye favour'd race,
The day of pentecost is come!
Desire, receive, descending grace,
The Glory beaming from the Son.

2 Our Jesus ris'n above the sky,
The promis'd blessing now doth give;
Behold it streaming from on high,
The Spirit comes, that we may live.

3 The Light-invested Life doth shine,
The Son-embosom'd Father glows;
From Jesu's body all divine,
The truth with love united flows.

4 To thee, O Lord, our souls aspire,
And long the blest descent to feel;
Enkindle each with living fire,
Our faith enstamp, our foreheads seal.

5 From thee our strength and wisdom come;
Our wills and thoughts now sweetly move,
To speak a new, another tongue,
The language breath'd from holy love.

XXXVIII.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And let the church be glad;
Our God his pow'r maintains,
In robes of Glory clad.
Exalt the Lord,
Make known his love,
He is ador'd
By all above.

2 He will preserve his saints,
That love his holy name,
From sorrows and complaints,
From fears, and foes, and shame.
Gladness and light
For those are sown,
Who walk upright
Before his throne.

3 Rejoice, ye righteous race,
Rejoice in God your Lord;
And magnify his grace,
His wond'rous love record.

Thanksgiving, praise,
And songs of love,
We joyful raise
To God above.

XXXIX.

1 RIS'N, O Lord, to blisful state,
Where thou reign'st supremely great,
Look with pity from thy throne,
And send thy holy Spirit down.

2 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Till we come to reign with thee,
And all thy glorious greatness see.

3 There in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise,
There no tongue shall silent be,
There all shall join sweet harmony:

4 That thro' heav'ns all spacious round,
Thy praise, O God! may ever sound.
Lord, thy mercies never fail,
Hail celestial Goodness, hail!

XL.

1 RISE, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
Prepare a sweet angelic song:
The Lord ascended now on high,
The Spirit gives in rich supply.

2 The sun of heav'n illumes the soul,
Oceans of mercy sweetly roll;
The heav'nly streams of truth and love
Flow freely from the fount above.

3 O happy day! we live to see
How kind to men our God can be;
His greatest mercies stand confess'd,
And Zion is divinely bless'd.

4 Now shall the voice of joy arise,
And songs of gladness reach the skies,
The name of Jesus loud be sung,
From ev'ry heart, by ev'ry tongue.

5 O happy church, exalt the Lord,
In highest strains his love record;
Your sacrifice of praises bring,
And hail the Glory of your king.

XLI.

1 NOW diffuse thy holy spirit,
Nourish, Lord, the heav'nly seed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gospel—
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing!
Which thy Word's design'd to give:
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive:
And for ever—
To thy praise and glory live.

XLII.

1 COME, brethren, join in praise
To your all-teaching Lord
To him your songs of honour raise
And be his name ador'd.

2 The influx he hath giv'n,
We feel the truth and love;
All our affections rise to heav'n,
We taste the joys above.

3 We know the love divine,
The wisdom from on high;
And sweetly there our hearts incline,
To pure celestial joy.

4 Assur'd of heav'nly rest,
No terrors death can give;
With love to God our souls are bless'd,
With him we soon shall live.

XLIII.

1 NOW to our God a song of praise,
For holy is his name;
Gracious and true are all his ways,
We will his love proclaim.

2 See from his throne divinely flow
His heav'nly truth and love;
Now we his great redemption know,
His richest mercy prove.

3 He is the Lord, our only God,
He comes to men again;
His truth and love are spread abroad,
And glorious is his reign.

4 Jesus, thou hast to us made known
The doctrines of thy word;
Thou art our Saviour God alone,
We know no other Lord.

5 To thee our songs of praise arise,
Thou wilt accept our lays;
And as to purer states we rise,
We'll give thee purer praise.

XLIV.

The Lord.

1 JEHOVAH Lord, to thee we raise
An humble song of sacred praise,
For comforts in thy word;
By truth's divine as now reveal'd,
Dear Lord, our sorrows all are heal'd,
And peace of mind restor'd.

2 Th' eternal Father in the Son
And holy Spirit thence, as One,
In thy blest form we see;
Thousands of angels hail thee King,
And endless hallelujahs sing,
To praise thy Deity.

3 Rise then, my soul, from ev'ry sin,
The work of righteousness begin,
And serve this Prince of light;
Whose Spirit caus'd the lame to walk,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to talk,
And now to faith gives sight.

4 Jesus, thou Light and Life divine,
All honour, pow'r and strength be thine,
To thee my praise I bring;
Thou art my All in Glory clad,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my God,
My Prophet, Priest, and King.

XLV.

1 BEFORE th' eternal One
The ransom'd bride shall stand,
And tell what Christ her Lord hath done,
Thro' all the land.

The list'ning hosts attend,
And swell the sounding fame;
They sing in songs which never end,
The Saviour's name.

2 Jesus, who reigns on high,
The happy spirits sing,
And holy, holy, holy, cry,
Almighty king!
Who down from heav'n came,
A captive world to free;
Jehovah Jesus, great I am,
We worship thee!

3 The ransom'd nations bow
Before th' eternal throne;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God alone;
Hail, Abra'm's God, and mine,
I join the heav'nly lays;
All glory, honour, Lord, be thine,
And endless praise.

XLVI.

1 THE Lord is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end:

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
Well praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

XLVII.

1 THE great Jehovah praise,
Who lives and reigns in heav'n;
The God of truth, and love, and grace,
To sinners giv'n.
Great is the Lord, the Lamb,
By holy saints confess'd,
He is their Lord, their great I am,
Ador'd and bless'd.

2 The dear Redeemer praise,
He all-sufficient is;
He'll guide us safely all our days,
To worlds of bliss.

In him secure we stand,
Almighty is his pow'r;
Our rock thro' all the desert land,
Our shield and tow'r.

3 Our great eternal king
In heav'n supremely reigns,
Angels and saints his praises sing,
In sweetest strains:
There all his people live,
Before his holy throne,
And all the joys their God can give,
Shall be their own.

XLVIII.

1 'TIS good to praise Jehovah's name,
And of his mercy sing;
To speak of his eternal fame,
And celebrate our King.

2 Sweet is the work to sing and tell
The goodness of the Lord;
How we by love are rais'd from hell,
And by the truth restor'd.

3 'Tis pleasant to exalt our God,
Who gathers outcasts in,
And sends his love and truth abroad,
To heal the plague of sin.

4 The broken heart of deepest wound
The Lord in mercy heals;
Makes dying sinners strong and sound,
And for the wretched feels.

5 Sing to the Lord, his love declare,
My voice shall gladly join;
He saves our souls, we are his care,
His mercy is divine.

XLIX.

The Word.

1 TO God be praises giv'n,
Who hath the word unseal'd,
Disclos'd the wondrous things of heav'n,
And holy truth reveal'd.

2 Now living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.

3 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again;
Jesus Jehovah be our King,
And o'er the nations reign.

4 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his word;
By one bless'd name shall he be known,
THE UNIVERSAL LORD.

L.

1 THY name we extol, Jehovah our King,
For ever in thee we'll triumph and sing;
Thro' errour and darkness the truth has been seal'd,
But now the rich wonders of love are reveal'd.

2 The sacred contents of heaven's bless'd word
Are open'd to men by Jesus our Lord;
The veil is remov'd, we enter and find
The word's deep arcana explain'd to the mind.

3 Now heav'n and earth in union shall prove,
And angels with men conjoined in love:
Deep truths of the gospel shall make mortals wise,
And join the church here with the church in the skies.

4 An influx divine from Jesus shall come,
His wisdom and love guide travellers home,
From Jesu's bless'd body sweet influence flow,
To cheer and to comfort the church here below.

5 While love makes us pure, truth holds out her hand,
To lead and conduct to Canaan's land:
By love and truth guided, we joyfully rise,
And Jesus adoring, press on to the skies.

LI.

1 GREAT God, we give thee praise
For all thy wondrous grace,
Thy kind and condescending ways,
To our poor fallen race.

2 We wander now no more
Where sons of darkness lead;
But truth in sacred light explore,
And wonder while we read.

3 No more a fruitless strife
For errour we maintain;
The word is spirit, truth, and life,
And human notions vain.

4 The word is all divine,
It's inmost is the Lord;
His glories thro' the letter shine,
And be his name ador'd.

LII.

1 THE Scriptures we justly esteem
The glory supreme of the Lord,
When Jesus, their spirit, is seen
That lustre divine to afford.

In ev'ry prophetical book,
Then rightly unfolding, unseal'd,
With joy we discern as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd.

2 The first gracious promise to man,
A blessed prediction appears,
To save is the soul of the plan,
And gives it the glory it wears.
The ancient Levitical Law
Was prophecy after its kind,
In types there the faithful foresaw
The Saviour redeeming mankind.

3 Review each prophetical song,
Which shines in prediction's rich train,
The sweets all to Jesus belong,
And point out his suff'rings and reign:
Sure David his harp never strung
With more of true sacred delight,
Than when of the Saviour he sung
Divinely reveal'd to his sight.

4 May Jesus more precious become—
His word be a lamp to our feet,
While we in this wilderness roam,
'Till brought in his presence to meet!

Then, then will we gaze on thy face,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King;
Recount all thy wonders of grace,
Thy praises eternally sing.

LIII.

1 WE read the holy word with joy,
And while the mind is there,
How sweet and pleasing the employ,
What wondrous truths appear!

2 Would we our God and Saviour know?
(That science most divine)
To wisdom's source we'll humble go,
For there his glories shine.

3 Wish we ourselves, our souls to learn,
Their nature, state, and end?
To inspiration's pages turn,
There all the man is penn'd.

4 Would we the heav'nly kingdom view,
While we for heav'n prepare?
'Tis in the sacred pages too,
The humble read it there.

5 Whate'er we want to learn or know
Of useful, pure, and good;
To Jesus and his scriptures go,
It shall be understood.

6 Jesus, thou God of all the word,
To thee be honour giv'n!
Thou givest grace and wisdom, Lord;
And thou wilt guide to heav'n.

LIV.

1 WHERE can such pleasures flow,
As I have found, O Lord,
In thee, while walking here below,
And in thy holy word!

2 If deep temptations try
To wound my peaceful breast;
Then to thy sacred word I fly,
And there my soul is blesst.

3 If darkness do pervade,
No light illume my way,
Thy word removes the gloomy shade,
It gives a cheering ray.

4 If some unguarded fault
Have fill'd my soul with grief,
Then to my mind thy word has brought
Some kind and sure relief.

5 O how I prize thy word!
'Tis more than worlds of gold:
I bless thy name, most holy Lord,
It's glories I behold.

LV.

1 THERE is a stream, whose gentle flow,
Supplies the city of our GOD:
Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine abode.

2 That sacred stream, the holy Word,
Which all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace its promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

3 Happy the man who fears the Lord,
Keeps his commands, obeys his word;
In this his highest wisdom lies,
This man alone is truly wise.

4 Lord, grant me this celestial skill,
To fear thy name, obey thy will;
Then thy salvation I shall see,
And live for ever, Lord, with thee.

LVI.

1 HOW easy is our yoke! how light our load!
Did we consider right the laws of God:
For his own sake, no duty he can ask,
The common welfare is our only task.

2 For this sole end, his precepts, kind as just,
Forbid intemp'rance, murder, theft, and lust;
With ev'ry act injurious to our own
Or others good, for such are crimes alone.

3 For this, are peace, love, charity, enjoin'd,
With all that can secure and bless mankind:
Thus is public safety Religion's cause,
And happiness the end of all her laws.

4 Oh! were these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
His law our good, and happiness our end;
How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
And errour, fraud, and superstition fail!

LVII.

1 BLESS'D are the men who love the ways
Of our redeeming God;
Keep his commandments all their days,
And run the heav'nly road.

2 The law of God is their delight,
His statutes they attend;
These are in safety day night,
For Jesus is their friend.

3 Oh! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him ye saints, and you will then
Having nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

LVIII.

The Church.

1 JEHOVAH, Lord of truth divine,
Thy word of grace proclaim;
Oh! may it spread from pole to pole,
Till all shall know thy name!

2 We long to see thy church increase,
Thy own new kingdom grow;
That all the earth may live in peace,
And heav'n be seen below.

3 Prosper the labours of our hands,
To spread thy truth abroad;
May ev'ry weak attempt promote
The knowledge of our God.

4 Go forth, bless'd Lord, in all thy pow'r,
The distant nations bring;
In thy own kingdom may they stand,
And own their God and King.

5 One gen'ral chorus then shall rise
From men of ev'ry tongue;
And songs of joy salute the skies,
By ev'ry nation sung.

LIX.

1 GROUNDED in truth thy church shall rise
In all thy image, Lord;
And with ſupreme affection prize
The doctrines of thy word.

2 Thy truth shall spread on ev'ry hand,
In heav'n and earth be known;
Thy holy church for ever stand,
Eternal as thy throne.

3 Thy truth is wisdom, and shall raise
Thy sons to perfect light;
Teach them thy holy name to praise,
And worship thee aright.

4 Thy word is pure, and all divine,
It makes the simple wise;
Its beams of heav'nly glory shine
To our astonish'd eyes.

5 Thy word shall be my only guide,
Its wonders I'll explore;
And while in truth I can confide,
Its author I'll adore.

LX.

1 IF we would enter in
New Salem's happy gate,
We muſt depart from sin,
And ev'ry evil hate;
Nothing unclean
Muſt here be found,
No evil seen,
'Tis holy ground.

2 No hypocrite's disguise,
Nor subtle falshood here;
From all deceit and lies
The conscience must be clear:
Jesus alone
Is sov'reign Lord,
To him is known
Each thought and word.

3 This kingdom is for those
Who love his holy name,
Nor can Jehovah's foes
The holy city claim:
'Tis only free
For men of love,
Whose hearts are set
On things above.

4 Here such shall joyful feed,
And drink the living wine;
From thirst and hunger freed,
And on the Lord recline:
He will provide,
And we shall be
With good supplied;
His grace is free.

LXI.

1 REJOICE, ye happy souls, rejoice,
Who in New Salem stand;
And let your all harmonious voice
Sound high from land to land.

2 All nations soon shall hear and see,
How great your favours prove;
How wondrous rich those blessings be,
Which flow from Jesu's love.

3 Jerusalem, divinely bless'd,
In all its grandeur new,
Shall be by ev'ry tongue confess'd,
When they your glory view.

4 Delightful church, the Lord's abode!
Here stands Jehovah's throne,
The habitation of our God,
Here Jesus reigns alone.

5 Delightsome land of oil and wine,
Here milk and honey flow;
Celestial blessings here combine,
And fruits immortal grow.

6 Here will we take our joyful rest,
Nor e'er from Salem roam;
Not strangers we, but Jesu's guests,
And this our happy home.

LXII.

1 WHEN God arises in his pow'r,
His enemies must flee;
The righteous in that joyful hour
Shall trust, O Lord, in thee.

2 Jerusalem now owns her King,
In his all-pow'rful word;
And humble sacrifices brings
To her redeeming Lord.

3 Protected by his mighty hand,
Secure our souls remain;
The happy church shall ever stand,
And endless be her reign.

4 Jesus, we trust in none but thee,
In thy own truth confide;
Thou wilt our God, our teacher be,
We want no other guide.

LXIII.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, ye nations praise,
Ye people speak his fame;
All ye in truth and goodness found,
Exalt Jehovah's name.

2 His kindness is for ever free,
His mercies ever great;
To all of ev'ry name and land,
Tho' mean and low their state.

3 His truth for ever shall endure,
Adore him for his word;
His laws and promises are sure,
Praise ye the loving Lord.

4 My soul exults in Jesu's name,
I love to hear his voice;
He is my Saviour and my God,
In him I will rejoice.

LXIV.

Divine Worship.

1 HAIL, happy day, the type of rest,
When all the faithful shall be bless'd,
And cease from toil and pain;
So we to-day the emblem prove,
Cease from all work, but praise and love,
And solid pleasure gain.

2 To-day our mighty Conqu'ror rose,
In triumph o'er his num'rous foes,
And death a captive bound;
So we from ev'ry evil rise,
Mount up in thought to yonder skies,
And walk on Zion's ground.

3 Be gone, ye ev'ry worldly care;
My soul to study, praise, and pray'r,
To-day be wholly giv'n;
I'll humbly wait at Jesu's feet,
The saints in solemn worship meet,
And learn the way to heav'n.

4 Jesus will kindly condescend
To teach my soul, my heart amend,
And fill me with his love;
That ev'ry sabbath I may know
An antepast of heav'n below,
The rest of saints above.

LXV.

1 TO thee, my God and friend,
I raise my morning song;
Thou dost my life defend,
Thy arm of pow'r is strong.

My many foes
Beset me round;
But sweet repose
From thee I found.

2 While on my bed I rest,
Amidst the shades of night,
My wakeful mind is bless'd
With heav'nly love and light.
Thy holy word
Is brought to mind;
And there, O Lord,
I pleasure find.

3 If sleep pervade my frame,
I still am safe in sleep;
For angels in thy name
My soul and body keep.
How rich and great
Thy mercies prove!
The angels wait
On men in love!

4 Now bless'd with morning light,
To thee I give the day;
And in thy love and light,
I'll still pursue my way;

Till thou shalt raise
My soul above,
Where all is praise,
And all is love.

LXVI.

1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat.
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

LXVII.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep this solemn day!"

2 Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning grace,
And bring us yet more near;
Here may we see thy glories shine,
And taste thy mercies here!

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants blest!

4 My soul, bow here at Jesu's feet,
While life on earth remains;
Here thy best friends do constant meet,
Here God thy Saviour reigns.

LXVIII.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Neglecting pray'r, we're feeble thence;
But using pray'r, we've such defence,
That Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when thro' weariness they fail'd
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Did we the sighs we vainly spend,
To heav'n in supplication send,
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

LXIX.

1 ENGAG'D in thy worship, O Lord,
If languid and dull be my heart,
Awaken me straight with thy word,
Thy grace to enliven impart.

2 I'd never sit joyless as dead,
While others rejoice in thy name;
Nor mournfully hang down my head,
While they thy rich mercy proclaim.

3 From formal to faithful I'd rise,
From coldness to rapture and love;
I long for the heavenly joys,
To raise my affections above.

4 The shadow, the form, and the name,
Are nothing, dear Saviour, to me;
The power, the life, and the flame,
Can only conjoin me with thee.

LXX.

1 LORD, at thy sacred feet
Joyful would we appear;
Within thy earthly temple meet,
To see thy glory here.

2 We come to worship thee,
For thou art God alone;
In humble pray'r to bend the knee,
Before thy holy throne.

3 Thy word is our delight,
Thy truth will make us free;
'Tis from thyself a heav'nly light,
It leads our souls to thee.

4 Thy goodness we behold,
While in thy presence, Lord;
Thy wondrous truth and love unfold,
The treasures of thy word.

5 In all our meetings here,
Our souls are bless'd with good;
Thou wilt to waiting minds be near,
And give thy children food.

6 So will we render praise
To thee, the God of love;
With pleasure walk in all thy ways,
Till we shall meet above.

LXXI.

1 HOW happy when we meet
To hear the holy Word;
To bow at Jesu's blessed feet,
Who is our only Lord.

2 Here saints with rapture join,
To serve the God of heav'n;
And here they taste the living wine,
From Jesus freely given.

3 In love and wisdom grow,
In holiness abound;
Cheerful to brighter kingdoms go,
Where richer joys are found.

4 Jehovah smites the rock,
The living waters rise;
Refresh the humble thirsty flock
With true substantial joys.

5 The bread of life is giv'n,
The saints with rapture feed;
Ten thousand blessings flow from heav'n
And here we're bless'd indeed.

LXXII.

1 THE Lord is here, let us adore,
And own how awful is this place!
Let all within us feel his pow'r,
And silent bow before his face!
Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove,
Serve him in fear, with rev'rence love.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a feebler tongue.

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

LXXIII.

1 TO thee, our God, is glory due,
We bring our off'rings, Lord;
Thou wise and holy, just and true,
By us thou art ador'd.

2 We'll worship thee in holiness,
With reverential fear;
With solemn praise thy name address,
And in thy courts appear.

3 The Lord Jehovah glorious reigns,
The heav'ns in anthems ring;
The church is glad, and joyful strains
Shall celebrate our King.

5 We join the universal song,
Our hearts and tongues employ;
In his New Church is Jesus sung,
And boundless be the joy.

LXXIV.

1 COME serve the Lord with love and joy,
And in his presence sing;
Cheerful your hearts and tongues employ,
The Lord alone is King.

2 He forms his church by pow'r divine,
The work is all his own;
Let us in holy praises join
To God the Lord alone.

3 The word of truth from him is giv'n,
His statutes all are sure;
His ordinances firm as heav'n,
And will as heav'n endure.

4 In him is our redemption found,
Exalt him in your voice;
In songs of praise his goodness sound,
And in his name rejoice.

LXXV.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below:
Praise him, the holy God of Love,
And all his goodness show.
Praise him, for all his noble deeds,
And for his matchless pow'r:
Praise him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heav'n adore.

2 With joy we'll spread to all abroad,
The great Emmanuel's name:
Let ev'ry heart confess him God,
Him "Lord of Hosts" proclaim.
Praise him with ev'ry tuneful string,
And all your heav'nly art:
With all the pow'r of music, bring
The music of the heart.

3 Praise him, in whom we move and live,
Let ev'ry creature sing;
And glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King.
With songs we'll praise his name beneath,
Jesu, be thou ador'd!
O praise the Lord with ev'ry breath;
Let all things praise the Lord.

LXXVI.

1 THE day of rest is nearly gone,
But what have I for Jesus done,
How have I spent the day?
Did I in solemn pray'r begin?
Have I refrain'd from ev'ry sin,
And run my heav'nly way?

2 For what is giv'n this day of rest?
That souls should be divinely bless'd,
With milk and honey fed;
That we should cease from earthly care,
Improve in love, in truth, and pray'r,
And eat of heav'nly bread.

3 Then, O my soul, thy God obey,
Keep holy all the sabbath-day,
And walk in truth and love;
Then wilt thou rightly keep the rest,
With ev'ry solid good be bless'd,
And soon sit down above.

LXXVII.

Holy Supper.

.....

1 NOW, Lord, is set the royal treat,
Thy mercy calls the poor;
Here sorrow's sons may joyful meet,
And share the bounteous store.

2 The sweet provision thou wilt bless,
Abundant mercies give:
And all who feel their keen distress,
May eat and drink, and live.

3 However great their wants may be,
Here shall they be supply'd;
For all who humbly ask of thee,
Are richly satisfy'd.

4 Thou art the source of heav'nly wealth,
From whence divinely flow
Our joy and peace, our life and health,
And ev'ry good below.

5 In thee the poor salvation find,
For thou hast freely giv'n
Thyself to ev'ry faithful mind,
And thou, O Lord, art heav'n.

LXXVIII.

1 COME, all ye wretched, poor, and blind,
Ye heavy laden, come;
In Jesus your salvation find,
He waits to take you home.

2 The feast of love is now prepar'd,
Come ye, and taste the food;
You're welcome to your God and Lord,
For he is kind and good.

3 Make no excuse, but come away,
The feast for you is giv'n;
Linger no more, no more delay,
Come to the feast of heav'n.

4 If humble, lowly, meek, your mind,
And Christ your God alone;
Come to his table, comfort find,
The feast is all your own.

LXXIX.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the God of Love,
Who rules o'er all in heav'n above;
His great and holy name adore,
In songs of joy for evermore.

2 He feeds us with the bread divine,
Gives us to drink the heav'nly wine;
And here we sweet conjunction prove
With thee, the Lord our God of Love.

3 What entertainment can compare
With thy own feast, when thou art there;
In all thy love and wisdom, Lord,
As thou hast promis'd in thy word.

4 Jesus distributes ev'ry good,
And fills our mouths with heav'nly food;
Our strength renew'd, with eagle's wing,
We mount to heav'n, and praise our King.

LXXX.

1 O HAPPY! happy we,
At such a feast as this;
Where Jesus gives us all to see
How great his goodness is!

2 Here may we joyful join,
A feast celestial prove,
Partake of living bread and wine,
The Saviour's truth and love.

3 His blood is drink indeed,
His flesh is sacred food;
And while on these we freely feed,
We can pronounce them good.

4 A pledge of Jesu's love,
To all his children given;
Foretaste of richer joys above,
The antepast of heaven.

LXXXI.

1 THIS is a feast of love,
A union with the Lord;
But none the sweet communion prove,
Save those that love the word.

2 May ev'ry feast increase
The union of the heart!
And cordial harmony and peace
To ev'ry mind impart.

3 As one in heart and mind,
Joint heirs of joys above,
Be each to each as angels kind,
And walk in truth and love.

4 That we who eat the bread,
And drink the holy wine,
At last may live with Christ our head,
And all in glory join!

LXXXII.

Reformation.

1 WOULD I be sav'd?—then let me know
My sins of life and heart;
For these must deep repentance flow,
From these I must depart.

2 The truth and light must next be known
My soul the truth must love;
My heart be fix'd on God alone,
And my desires above.

3 Goodness and truth my constant choice,
The Lord my only guide;
My ear obedient to his voice,
And follow none beside.

4 Then shall I be to him conjoin'd,
With joy my soul will own,
That heav'n and happiness I find
In God the Lord alone.

LXXXIII.

1 WHAT is my real love?
On what is fix'd my mind?
Are my affections all above,
To good and truth inclin'd?

2 What influx do I know,
In this poor will of mine?
Doth it from vile infernals flow,
Or is it all divine?

3 Important question this,
On which alone depends
My future state of woe or bliss,
When this short life shall end!

4 If wordly vain desire,
And carnal motives reign,
I must in that infernal fire
To endless years remain.

5 If heav'nly and divine
All my affections be;
That holy happy state is mine,
Thro' all eternity.

6 How easy then to know,
When wisdom guides the mind,
Whether we sink to endless woe,
Or heav'nly glory find!

LXXXIV.

1 COME, brethren, let us all inquire
What we of Jesus know;
How much of love's celestial fire
Doth in our bosoms glow.

2 What is religion? 'Tis to love
Our God with all the heart;
In charity with all men prove,
And good to them impart.

3 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue;
Then shall we soon in heav'n be crown'd,
And love as angels do.

4 For ever there this holy fire
Shall our affections raise;
And sweetly all our souls conspire,
To sing Jehovah's praise.

LXXXV.

1 JEHOVAH, Lord, and God alone,
To thee all hearts are fully known:
Nothing escapes thy piercing eyes,
Tho' veil'd from man by deep disguise.

2 If white and fair without we seem,
As angels in the world's esteem;
Yet should our souls be vile within,
Thou seest every latent sin.

3 The painted hypocrite may claim
The christian's honourable name;
But when his sins are brought to light,
He'll stand a monster black as night.

4 One latent vice we would not hide,
Hatred or envy, lust or pride;
But gladly all our sins remove,
And live a life of truth and love.

LXXXVI.

1 BRETHREN, the Lord, divinely wise,
Knows all our works below,
The principle from which they rise,
The spring from whence they flow.

2 If good or bad the end may be,
Whate'er we have in view;
Jesus doth all distinctly see,
And will discover too.

3 Should we in false and evil dwell,
Where Satan has his seat;
Or with infernals now in hell,
In secret love to meet:

4 Our evils all he'll bring to light,
Our every sin reveal,
And with the wretched sons of night
Our certain portion seal.

5 But if infernals dwell around,
And we their pow'r oppose;
Firm in the cause of truth are found,
And fight against our foes:

6 Jesus will all our steps defend,
He'll keep our souls secure:
From heav'n a full deliv'rance send,
And make our vict'ry sure.

LXXXVII.

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours;
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

2 My thoughts before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
E'er from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

LXXXVIII.

1 LORD, all I am is known to thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts are seen by thee, O Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And e'er my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where shall a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

LXXXIX.

1 ALL seem to wish to be forgiv'n,
When they to judgment come;
Pretend to hope, and long for heav'n,
As their eternal home.

2 Some think a sentence will suffice,
When hanging o'er the grave;
And hope they shall to glory rise,
If mercy then they crave.

3 Some trust their all to faith alone,
They're justified by this;
Jesus did all their sins atone,
And they are sure of bliss.

4 Others suppose, if they repent,
And feel a transient pain,
They stand secure from punishment,
And shall in glory reign.

5 Ye erring souls, to life arise,
And seek the better way;
And if to heav'n ye wish to rise,
Repent, believe, obey.

XC.

1 IF we would pardon find,
Thro' our Redeemer's blood,
Our sins must all be cast behind,
And we return to God.

2 As we our sins remove,
And put them all away;
Return to God in humble love,
And his commands obey:

3 So shall we be forgiv'n,
Redeeming pow'r receive;
Witness with joy an inward heav'n,
And on the Lord believe.

4 Then let us now remove
All evil from the heart;
Thus shall we conscious pardon prove,
As we from sin depart.

XCI.

1 "COME, saith the Lord, ye sons of men,
"Cast all your sins away;
"My invitations now attend,
"My friendly calls obey.

2 "From all your vile transgressions part,
"Whereby your souls offend,
"And make anew your life and heart,
"And I will be your friend."

3 O Jesus, sov'reign, Saviour kind,
To thee we thankful come:
Thou wilt restore the erring mind,
And lead the banish'd home.

4 Thankful thy mercy we embrace,
Our evils all disclaim;
Accept thy boundless love and grace,
And triumph in thy name.

XCII.

Regeneration.

1 O FOR a heart that's pure and clean,
A mind and will renew'd!
In life no base transgression seen,
But evils all subdued!

2 Nor will I dream, the heart and life
Are in a moment clean;
For long and painful is the strife,
That must be felt within.

3 Nobly the strife I will maintain,
And ev'ry sin oppose;
Till self and all its loves are slain,
And conquer'd all my foes.

4 But, Lord, the arduous work is thine,
'Tis thou canst make me pure;
My soul to thee I will resign,
For there I am secure.

XCIII.

1 THE cross of Jesus purifies,
From self and sin sets free;
His cross doth make us truly wise,
And brings humility.

2 Reproaches, persecution, shame—
These must the christian bear;
But when sustain'd for Jesu's name,
How light the burdens are!

3 Must we endure some earthly loss,
Some keen distresses prove?
If these are part of Jesu's cross,
We'll bear them all in love.

4 Must sharp temptations too beset,
And inward conflicts seize?
The faithful soul will not forget
That these shall end in ease.

5 When evil's dead, our spirits rest,
Comfort and peace are giv'n;
In Jesu's love supremely blest,
We taste the joys of heav'n.

XCIV.

1 BUT yet, dear Lord, I see
I've something more to do;
'Tis to obey and follow thee,
In all that's good and true.

2 Thou didst the law fulfil,
And taught my soul the way;
If I would rise to Zion's hill,
I must thy laws obey.

3 Thou wilt the influx give,
Of love and truth divine,
That so I may, while here I live,
Make thy example mine.

4 The faith that works by love
Thou wilt to me impart,
Raise my affections all above,
And govern all my heart.

5 I own thee for my Lord,
I love thy holy ways;
My heart and life in one accord,
To give thee endless praise.

XCV.

1 BE warn'd, my soul, and shun
The snares thy foes will lay;
Thy heav'nly race with vigour run,
And watch as well as pray.

2 Thou hast thy Lord confess'd,
His truth and love are known;
With glorious treasure thou art bless'd,
The kingdom is thy own.

3 And shall I e'er despise
Thy wondrous goodness, Lord?
From holy truth apostatize,
And trample on thy word?

4 I've need to watch and pray,
When try'd, e'en Peter fell;
And there's from Salem's gate a way,
That leads to death and hell.

XCVI.

1 WE'RE safe in Jesu's hand,
In ev'ry trying hour;
He is the rock on which we stand,
Our refuge and our tow'r.

2 'Tis he alone can give
The mercies that we need;
By him redeem'd, anew we live,
From sin and Satan freed.

3 He makes the simple wise,
The Lord instructs the poor;
And they who heav'nly wisdom prize,
May ask, and still have more.

4 He ev'ry good bestows
To all that will apply;
Freely his tender mercy flows,
And sinners need not die.

XCVII.

1 OUR confidence and hope, O Lord,
Are fix'd on thee alone;
Encourag'd by thy sacred Word,
That thou wilt sinners own.

2 Here storms and tempests daily lour,
And enemies assail;
But thou, dear Lord, our rock and tow'r,
Wilt o'er our foes prevail.

3 We sail o'er rough tempestuous waves,
And long to gain the land;
Jesus is nigh, and ever saves,
By his almighty hand.

4 On him in troubles we rely,
He hears us when we call;
His mercy is for ever nigh,
He is our all in all.

5 Soon shall we gain the peaceful shore,
The land of endless rest;
Enjoy our God, his name adore,
And be completely blest.

XCVIII.

1 WHEN upright souls in darkness dwell
And all is gloomy night,
Temptations rise, and hosts of hell,
Like clouds obstruct the light.

2 Jehovah knows their mournful hour,
Their darkness, and their grief;
His deep compassion, and his pow'r,
Soon give the wish'd relief.

3 Courage and joy to such belong,
They trust in Jesu's word;
When weak and low, he makes them strong:
Praise then the mighty Lord.

4 How gracious is our Saviour God!
How righteous all his ways!
His hand directs the chast'ning rod,
And we are bound to praise.

XCIX.

1 YE mourning souls, with grief oppress'd,
From ev'ry sorrow rise:
Look to the Lord, ye shall be bless'd,
And dry your weeping eyes.

2 Do strong temptations rise and swell,
And Satan's host assail?
Do all the raging pow'rs of hell
Determine to prevail?

3 Take comfort then, your help is nigh,
Attend the holy Word;
Your God shall make their armies fly;
"I'll save you," saith the Lord.

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

C

1 ANGELS of God, encamp around
The men who fear the Lord;
In Jesus our defence is found,
And be his name ador'd.

2 Come taste, and see the Lord is kind
For ever bless'd are they,
Who trust in him with steadfast mind,
And his commands obey.

3 Jesus will never let us want,
While living in his fear;
But all that's good in mercy grant,
And for our help appear.

4 O taste and see the Saviour's love,
Ye happy souls rejoice;
Let songs of praise ascend above,
With a united voice.

CI.

1 THE Lord our God is ever nigh
To those that for his mercy cry;
And all who seek in truth, shall find
The Lord is ever good and kind.

2 The men that fear and love the Lord,
Trust in his name, and keep his word—
These he preserves from ev'ry foe,
And guides them all their way below.

3 But wicked men who love refuse,
And Jesu's holy laws abuse—
They perish in their evil ways,
And scarcely live out half their days.

4 Glory to God, he's good and kind,
In him our souls salvation find;
By him redeem'd, we'll bless his name,
And joyful his vast love proclaim.

CII.

1 OUR Jesus is divinely kind,
The lost he will restore;
He raises up the humble mind,
He elevates the poor.

2 To heav'nly truth and good he leads
The wretched starving race,
The hungry mind he richly feeds,
For free is Jesu's grace.

3 The poor and dying sinners live,
By Jesu's mercy bless'd;
And ev'ry good his hand will give,
Till rais'd to endless rest.

4 The Lord's a God of love divine,
And blessed be his name;
His goodness, truth, and love are mine,
And I'll exalt his fame.

CIII.

1 ART thou in darkness, humble mind,
And hast no cheering light?
And dost thou walk as one that's blind,
Or as in tenfold night?

2 Still in the Lord thy God confide,
Depend upon his pow'r;
Thro' gloomy night he'll be thy guide,
And in thy darkest hour.

3 In him is all thy strength and stay,
He keeps thy soul secure
In all thy dark and dang'rous way,
And his protection's sure.

4 Live then, ye tempted, in his fear,
Obey your Saviour's voice;
Nor dread your foes, tho' hosts appear,
You surely shall rejoice.

5 He never did nor will forsake
The souls that love his word;
Then, tempted Christian, courage take,
And trust thy mighty Lord.

CIV.

1 I SEE a host of foes
Around me daily stand,
And all my holy way oppose,
To Canaan's happy land.

2 But shall I yield to fear?
Is all my courage gone?
Is not my kind protector near,
To lead me safely on?

3 My God makes known his aid,
In ev'ry new distress;
I'll urge my way, nor be afraid,
He will be nigh to bless.

4 No more I'll dare to stray
From his protecting hand;
But trust in him, and keep my way,
Till brought to Zion's land.

CV.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Ascend with joy the shining way,
To see and praise the Lord.

CVI.

1 YE mourning souls believe,
When tempted, try'd, distress'd;
Salvation you shall soon receive,
And be for ever bless'd.

2 When in the garden try'd,
And on the cursed tree,
Then quickly, Lord, was glorify'd
Thy bless'd humanity.

3 So when our keenest pain,
And sharpest conflicts come,
Then let us sing, we soon shall reign,
Our souls are just at home.

4 Behold, our sorrows end,
We stretch the wing and fly,
To worlds of peace and love ascend,
And live in endless joy.

CVII.

1 MY happy soul restor'd
From sin's destructive ways;
Jesus, my God, shall be ador'd,
And I'll declare his praise.

2 He leads me on my way,
In paths of righteousness;
Sweetly constrains me to obey,
And be for ever bless'd.

3 What tho' I take my road
Where death and hell appear,
Still leaning on my Saviour God,
No danger can I fear.

4 In safety will he keep,
With good and truth defend;
And lead his faithful humble sheep,
In safety to the end.

5 Then give Jehovah praise,
Nor doubt his faithful word;
Our shepherd guides us all our days,
And he's our God and Lord.

CVIII.

1 COME, brethren, let us joyful sing
The praises of our God;
We're rais'd to life, and on the wing
To heav'n's serene abode.

2 If faith with love be firmly join'd,
We surely shall obey;
And bound for glory, never mind
The conflicts of the way.

3 'Tis true we pass a desert land,
With dangers in the road;
But we are led by Jesu's hand,
And he's the mighty God.

4 The righteous man shall surely stand
Secure in Jesu's ways;
Return with songs to Zion's land,
And sing Jehovah's praise.

CIX.

1 BY all within us that has life,
Be Jesu's praise express'd;
And this alone our daily strife,
To love and serve him best.

2 The firmament to him belongs,
The inmost of the mind;
Exalt the Lord in all your songs,
For he is good and kind.

3 From nature we to spirit rise,
By influx from above;
In heart and life all sin despise,
And goodness only love.

4 The lower region of the mind
Is to subjection brought;
The will and understanding join'd
In union, as they ought.

5 The will and understanding right,
The man is born anew;
He walks in heav'nly heat and light,
And lives as angels do.

CX.

The Christian.

.....

1 DO I belong to Christ the Lord,
My title founded on his word?
Important question! be it try'd,
For truth will soon the point decide.

2 The Christian hates his ev'ry sin,
Evils external or within;
And with an humble contrite heart,
From all that's sinful does depart.

3 The Christian is no more his own,
But given up to God alone;
His will, his mind, his life, and ways,
Are all devoted to his praise.

4 The Christian has his heart above,
His life is form'd by truth and love;
His whole delight is in the Lord,
And he obeys the holy Word.

5 The Christian's full of charity,
To neighbour, friend, and enemy;
He seeks their good with zealous mind,
And is to all sincerely kind.

CXI.

1 THE Christian knows his God aright,
And worships him with strong delight;
He's taught of God; and, truly wise,
Still sets the Lord before his eyes.

2 The Christian has a faith divine,
And does to faith obedience join;
Believes the truth, the truth obeys,
And constant walks in holy ways.

3 The Christian is a man of God,
He takes the pure, the heav'nly road;
All his affections rise above,
And all his heart is full of love.

4 The Christian shines with lustre bright,
His understanding's full of light;
To Jesus Christ he's wholly giv'n,
And is indeed a form of heav'n.

5 Dear Lord, to thee my soul aspires,
And kindles with seraphic fires;
The real Christian I would be,
And live, O Lord, to none but thee.

CXII.

1 O HAPPY man, thy Maker's care,
With ev'ry mercy bless'd!
Peace, solid peace, thy portion here,
Hereafter endless rest.

2 Assur'd of Jesu's pow'rful love,
Composure all thy soul,
Thy heart, affections, mind above,
How sweet thy minutes roll!

3 No storms or tempests rage within,
The fire of hell subdu'd;
Conquer'd by truth thy ev'ry sin,
And all the man renew'd.

4 Look up, beloved soul, and see
What nameless glories rise,
The vast reward prepar'd for thee,
In yonder peaceful skies!

CXIII.

1 BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain:

2 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.

3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views thro' mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.

5 To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

CXIV.

1 MERCY and love inspire the breast
Of ev'ry righteous mind;
Happy to see his neighbour blest,
And like his Saviour kind.

2 He aids the poor in their distress,
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.

3 Within he feels supremely bless'd,
While joys on others roll;
By God and Man he stands confess'd,
In dignity of soul.

4 Substantial, pure his ev'ry joy,
His Maker is his friend;
The noblest business his employ,
And happiness his end.

CXV.

1 HOW blest the saints, when all are join'd
As one in judgment, one in mind!
In truth and goodness all agree,
And bound in bonds of charity!

2 Rooted and grounded deep in love,
Not hell itself their souls can move;
By love cemented, all agree,
And live in holy charity.

3 Brethren, let us as one combine,
To live a life so much divine;
In truth and goodness all agree,
And walk in love and charity.

4 Then shall our souls be bless'd indeed,
In heart and life so well agreed;
And soon in better kingdoms we
Shall ever live in charity.

CXVI.

1 ALMIGHTY Lord, thou just and true,
What songs of praise to thee are due!
Our happy state to thee we owe,
And grateful hymns of praise shall flow!

2 As we advance in wisdom's ways,
Thy love demands new songs of praise;
Our pleasures, joys, and hopes increase,
And all within is settled peace.

3 Our foes with weaker pow'r assail,
With strength increasing we prevail;
Above our very tempter rise,
And press with zeal to yonder skies.

4 Transporting thought! celestial state!
For this we live, for this we wait;
And while we take the happy road,
Our songs of praise ascend to God.

CXVII.

1 COME, brethren, let us strive to live,
As angels do above;
With tender pity each relieve,
And each abound in love.

2 Be ev'ry heart from hatred free,
In friendship all combin'd;
In peace and mutual unity,
And one in life and mind.

3 Each holy as the Lord is pure,
In ev'ry grace improve;
Steadfast to all that's good endure,
And walk in truth and love.

4 So shall we honour Jesu's word,
For better worlds prepare;
Soon rise above, live with the Lord,
In endless pleasure there.

CXVIII

1 NOW God reveals his glorious name,
And brings his truth to light;
And love divine, with ardent flame,
Dispels the shades of night.

2 With balmy wing sweet peace descends,
And dwells with man again;
Now sacred truth her path attends,
And love and goodness reign.

3 My soul, pursue the path of peace,
Religion's joys attend;
For these for ever will increase,
They never, never end.

4 These only can the bliss bestow,
Immortal souls should prove;
From one short word all pleasures flow,
That blessed word is LOVE.

5 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

CXIX.

Marriage.

1 HOW charming the subject we sing!
How grand is the rapturous strain!
Ye angels your eloquence bring,
With music enliven the plain:
In all its enchantments divine,
The subject you joyfully prove;
And happy the mortals that join,
As you, in conjugial love.

2 'Tis holy, seraphic, and pure,
It flows from the fountain of grace;
The vile, the abandon'd, impure—
With these it can never have place:

'Tis only enjoy'd by the mind,
In whom true religion is found;
Nor here we the happiness find,
Without a celestial ground.

3 Where then is the rapturous pair,
Who, marry'd, such pleasure possess?
'Tis found with the man and the fair?
Whose only delight is to bless;
Whose love is so ardent a flame,
That nothing can equal its fire;
Whose will is in all things the same,
The same is their ev'ry desire.

4 United by Jesus alone,
In goodness, in truth, and in heart,
They both are so perfectly one,
Eternity never can part:
Their union has love for its ground,
The love of the Lord to his bride;
And hence in affection they 're bound
So close, they can never divide.

CXX.

1 O HAPPY pair, whose souls are fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
Whose lips to God their honours yield,
Whose lives adorn the law:

2 From you if blessed offspring round
Your table shall appear,
Be these young branches ever found
Your joy and comfort here.

3 Make them from first your constant care,
Teach them to know the truth;
For heav'nly things their minds prepare,
While in the days of youth.

4 A blessing then will sure attend
Your pious care and love;
And thus your children, in the end
Shall live with you above.

CXXI.

The World.

.....

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too;
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for GOD.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense?
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy precepts be
My soul's eternal food;
Thus raise and draw my heart to thee,
Above created good.

CXXII.

Death.

1 SEE short-liv'd mortals thoughtless move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

2 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

3 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my earthly hope,
My fond desires recal;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

5 The soul must live, tho' flesh shall die,
The man shall surely rise;
The faithful Christian mount on high,
And taste eternal joys.

CXXIII.

1 SEE slow and solemn move along
The weeping kindred gazing throng;
A friend is dead, belov'd and dear,
And nature weeps the tender tear.

2 But say ye kindred, tell us why
Ye heave that melancholy sigh?
He is not dead, but lives above,
In worlds of light and endless love.

3 *He* only drops *his* flesh and blood,
His soul is gone to dwell with God;
With him to be for ever bless'd,
With deathless life, and endless rest.

4 Say not *he* 's dead, *he* lives indeed;
Throw off the sable mourning weed:
Let ev'ry pensive tear be dry,
And sing your friend to worlds on high.

CXXIV.

Heaven.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews Old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

CXXV.

1 GREAT God of heav'n, it cannot be
That good and evil flow from thee;
Thou art eternally the same,
And love and mercy are thy name.

2 Thy ways are truth, thy laws are right,
Justice and mercy thy delight;
To all thy tender mercies flow,
In heav'n above, and earth below.

3 Thou didst in love our race create,
Holy and happy was their state;
And when by sin thy creatures fell,
Thou didst redeem their souls from hell.

4 To all thy grace is freely giv'n,
And thou wouldst lead them all to heav'n;
Thy nature's love, thy dealings kind,
Nor one for hell was e'er design'd.

5 Great God! how kind are all thy ways!
How free thy love, how rich thy grace!
All needful aid to us is giv'n,
And we have pow'r to rise to heav'n!

CXXVI.

1 KNOW then, that ev'ry soul is free
To chuse his life, and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is giv'n,
That God will force no man to heav'n.

2 He 'll draw, persuade, direct aright,
Bless us with wisdom, love, and light;
In nameless ways be good and kind,
But never force the human mind.

3 Freedom and reason make us men;
Take these away, what are we then?
Mere animals, and just as well
E'en brutes might think of heav'n or hell.

4 May we no more our pow'rs abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness chuse!
Our God is pleas'd when we improve
His grace, and seek the worlds above.

5 But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode;
Our God is clear, and we shall know,
We plung'd ourselves in endless woe.

CXXVII.

1 PILGRIMS to Zion's city bound,
Now passing thro' the desert ground,
Urge on with joy your rugged way,
And press to everlasting day.

2 See yonder holy kingdom rise,
The golden portals meet your eyes:
Angels look down, and bid you come
To your delightful, peaceful home.

3 No longer wrapp'd in ten-fold night
The heav'nly state, those worlds of light;
It's glories now are brought to view,
Beyond what all our fathers knew.

4 Now every humble mind may rise
With growing ardour to the shies;
The happy land with transport view,
And known it's boundless glories too.

CXXVIII.

1 IN yon blest world above,
Where angel hosts reside,
The sun of truth and love
Is never known to hide;
Its sacred heat
For ever glows,
Divinely sweet
To all it flows.

2 Its all-attracting light
For ever flows the same;
No darkness there, nor night,
No clouds obscure the flame.
One endless day
Will constant shine,
And ev'ry ray
Is light divine.

3 Oh! could we see this light,
And feel its heav'nly heat;
Joyful we'd take our flight
To some celestial seat:
With angels sit,
And sing to-day
At Jesu's feet,
A heav'nly lay.

4 But stay, my soul, forbear,
The kingdom is thy own;
But let me first prepare,
Then covet to be gone:
Stay yet below
Till fully pure,
Then shall I know
My heav'n is sure.

Hallelujah!
Amen!

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